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# POKEY OAKY

by  
Don Dean

ILLINOIS HAD IT'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BUT ARKANSAS HAS YOUNG POKEY OAKY. NOW SHOULD OUR HILL-BILLY HERO EVER REACH THE WHITE HOUSE, WE URGE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES--JUST SO YOU CAN SAY YOU KNEW HIM WHEN!

POKEY! WAKE UP, ET'S BAR' NEAR 5'O'CLOCK--HAINT FIXIN' TO SLEEP ALL DAY ARE YO'?

OOF! WHUT A WAY TO TREAT YO' LOVIN' SON! (SPUTTER!)



(YAWN!) SET SOME FIRE UNDAH MAH HAM AN' AIGS, WILL YO, MAAW?

YEP! BUT YO' DAST ONLY HAVE A **DOZEN** THIS MORNIN'--HENS HAIN'T BEEN LAYIN' SO GOOD LATELY!



ONLY A **DOZEN**? SHUCKS, MAAW, THET HAIN'T ENOFF NOO-RISHMENT FER A GROWIN' BOY--BETTAH FRY UP **NINE** ER **TEN** AIGS AT TH' LEAST!



SAKES A' MIGHTY, POKEY, YO' ARE SLOWER THEN A TURTLE AILIN' WIFF LUMBAGO, GET A MOVE ON YO' SELF OR YO' WILL BE LATE FER YO' SHERIFFIN'!

YESSUM!

























# THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

WHAT COULD BE MORE LONELY THAN THE COLD DARKNESS OF A CARNIVAL AT NIGHT! WALLS THAT WERE RINGING WITH LAUGHTER AND CHEERS FOR THE CLOWN, THE BAREBACK RIDER, THE MAGICIAN AND THE ACROBATS... ARE NOW SILENT! SILENT AS THE GRAVE! WHAT LURKS IN THE DIM SHADOWS? IS IT MEMORIES OF THE PAST? WHAT IS THAT COLD, COLD BREEZE THAT SWINGS THE GAY ROPES AND MAKES THE SAWDUST SHIVER?

**NO! DON'T COME IN! DON'T WALK WITH US INTO THE DARK EMPTINESS OF THE DESERTED TENT! WE WARN YOU! TOO LATE, NOW! YOU'VE SEEN IT! YES, YOU'RE LOOKING AT DEATH ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!**



COOPER



AGAINST THE  
WATCHMAN RUNS  
FOR HELP!

IT'S  
**DOREEN**  
...THE...THE  
TRAPEZE  
GIRL!

OPERATOR!!  
GET ME EMIL  
CLAXTON AT THE  
ROYAL RITZ...  
**QUICK!!** THERE'S  
BEEN A **MURDER**!!  
AT HIS CARNIVAL!!

AT THE ROYAL RITZ HOTEL  
WE FIND EMIL CLAXTON...

A...A  
**MURDER!!**  
...  
**GREAT  
SCOTT!!**

I'LL CALL  
CLAXTON  
RIGHT  
AWAY SIR!  
...HELLO..  
RITZ  
HOTEL?

SO...DOREEN WOULDN'T  
MARRY ME, EHF? WELL  
I'LL BE RID OF HER  
BEFORE LONG!

RING  
RING  
RING

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A  
THIRD-RATE HOTEL WHERE  
**PALIACCI**. THE CLOWN STARES  
IN THE MIRROR  
UNHAPPILY...

AND WHEN  
CLAXTON  
ANSWERS  
THE  
PHONE!

**MURDERED!**  
DOREEN'S  
MURDERED!  
BUT IT CAN'T  
BE... I'D BETTER  
CALL EVERYONE  
AND TELL  
THEM TO COME  
OVER TO THE  
CARNIVAL  
RIGHT  
AWAY!

LAUGH AT ME,  
WILL SHE! DOREEN'S  
NOT WORTH IT!  
SHE'S NOT WORTH  
IT! SHE'S LAUGHED  
AT ME FOR THE  
LAST TIME



THE PHONE RINGS  
AND PALIACCI ANSWERS  
IT...



YES, MR. CLAXTON...  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER!

I WONDER  
IF IT COULD  
BE THAT...  
???

IN ANOTHER PART OF  
TOWN TWO OTHER MEM-  
BERS OF CLAXTON'S  
CARNIVAL ARE DESCEND-  
ING IN THE SAME ELE-  
VATOR... TEXAS JIM, THE  
COWBOY, AND SARDINI,  
THE MAGICIAN!



SO CLAXTON  
PHONED YOU  
TOO, EH, JIM?  
...DOREEN'S  
BEEN  
MURDERED  
!!!

YOU OUGHTA  
KNOW! YOU  
HATED HER.  
SARDINI, BECAUSE SHE HAD  
HER NAME IN LIGHTS!!

AND AS THEY  
LEAVE THE  
HOTEL...

YOU'RE A  
FINE ONE TO  
MAKE ACCUSATIONS!  
...YOU PROBABLY  
PRACTICED YOUR  
ROPE TRICK ON  
HER AND HUNG  
HER!!



IN A FAR CORNER  
OF THE LOBBY, THE  
BLACK HOOD IS  
GIVING AUTOGRAPHS  
TO WAR STAMP  
BUYERS...



SAY...!

I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO ACCUSE  
ME!

Jack

NOT SO FAST!  
TAKE IT EASY,  
BOYS! WHAT  
GOES ON  
HERE  
??

HELLO, BLACK  
HOOD... DOREEN  
HAS BEEN MURDERED  
AT THE CARNIVAL  
AND THAT ROPE-  
JUGGLER IS  
ACCUSING  
ME!!



THE TRAPEZE  
ARTIST? YES,  
I'VE SEEN  
HER ACT!!  
HAS ANYONE  
TOLD HER  
HUSBAND  
YET...  
...I WONDER  
???







I'LL MEET YOU AT  
THE CARNIVAL...  
AND NO MORE  
FIGHTING,  
DO YOU  
HEAR?



DOREEN AND HER  
HUSBAND USED  
TO LIVE IN THE  
SUBURBS! TOO  
BAD THEY'VE NO  
TELEPHONE! THAT  
MEANS I'LL  
HAVE TO BREAK  
THE NEWS  
MYSELF!



LUCK'S WITH  
ME... THEY'RE  
LIVING AT  
THE SAME  
ADDRESS!

R.I.N.G.  
R.R.

THE GREAT REX,  
DOREEN'S HUSBAND  
LOOKS OUT OF AN  
UPPER WINDOW...



W. WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?

IT'S VERY  
IMPORTANT!  
MR. REX!  
LET ME  
IN!

MINUTES LATER, THE  
BLACK HOOD HAS BRO-  
KEN THE NEWS AS  
GENTLY AS POSSIBLE...



THIS IS  
TERRIBLE,  
TERRIBLE!!

GET  
DRESSED,  
MR. REX!  
WE'D BETTER  
GO TO  
THE  
CARNIVAL!

AT THE CARNIVAL ENSUES  
A WEIRD SCENE MEN-  
BERS GATHER UNDER  
THE SWAYING SHADOW  
OF THE TRAPEZE ARTIST!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...  
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
IT! WE WERE REHEARSING  
A NEW ACT, EARLIER  
THIS EVENING!  
DOREEN SAID, SHE'D  
SPEND THE NIGHT  
WITH MADAME  
ZONGA!

THE FORTUNE  
TELLER?  
I'LL HAVE  
TO SPEAK  
TO HER!



WE'VE MET  
ALL OF YOU,  
NOW! ALL  
EXCEPT  
MADAME  
ZONGA!

I AM  
SHE!  
WHAT  
DO  
YOU  
WANT!



DID DOREEN SPEND  
THE NIGHT AT YOUR  
HOME, MADAME  
ZONGA?

SHE CERTAINLY  
DID NOT! I WOULD  
NOT HAVE THAT  
WOMAN, ANYWHERE  
NEAR ME! AND  
I'M GLAD SHE'S  
DEAD! I HATED  
HER!

NO,  
VERY  
PECULIAR!

DID YOU  
EVER SEE  
A KNOT,  
LIKE THE  
ONE AROUND  
HER NECK?

I MIGHT  
FIND SOME  
THING  
INTEREST-  
ING IN  
DOREEN'S  
DRESSING  
ROOM...

MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE POLICE  
ARRIVE, THE BLACK HOOD DOES  
A LITTLE FIGURING OF HIS OWN...

YOU GOT  
HOLD OF  
HER, MIKE?

HMMM!  
EVERY SINGLE  
MEMBER OF  
THIS CARNIVAL  
HATED DOREEN,  
AND HAD A  
MOTIVE FOR  
WANTING TO  
KILL HER!

ALL RIGHT, YOU!  
YOU CAN ALL GO  
HOME NOW, BUT DON'T  
ANY OF YOU TRY TO  
LEAVE TOWN!

MINUTES  
LATER WHEN  
THE CARNIVAL  
IS DESERTED.

I'VE AN  
IDEA...  
THINK I'LL  
INVESTIGATE..

HMMM...  
CLOSED! WELL,  
I'LL JUST HAVE  
TO FORCE IT...

...LIKE  
THAT,  
OOOOP!

CRASH

LOOK OUT, BLACK  
HOOD.. THOSE  
HANDS!!



SUDDENLY, THE PAIR OF HANDS REACH OUT AND LIKE A VISE, CLAMP TIGHTER AND TIGHTER....

AGGHHH!

I'LL DO THE TEACHING, BLACK HOOD. AND YOU'LL LEARN PLENTY!

GRAB AT ME, WHEN MY BACK'S TURNED, WILL YOU? MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BE MORE POLITE!

IN A BLINDING MOMENT THE HOOD CRASHES TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS..

THAT SETTLES HIS HASH! I'D BETTER GET OUT, WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!

HOURS PASS... THE CRIME IS STILL A MYSTERY... AND AS THE GREY FINGERS OF MORNING POINT OUT ANOTHER DAY, THE CARNIVAL PERFORMERS REHEARSE FOR THAT AFTERNOON'S SHOW....

CRASH

REX, THE ACROBAT WATCHES EVERYONE SUSPICIOUSLY...

JO JO, THE CLOWN MUST HAVE KILLED HER! HE TRIED TO MAKE UP TO DOREEN, BUT SHE ONLY LAUGHED AT HIM!



AND THEN THE HUSBAND OF THE MURDERED WOMAN TURNS AND WATCHES...

...TEXAS JIM! HE'S VERY HANDY WITH A ROPE... COULD HE HAVE STRUNG UP DOREEN?



OK HELLO, HOOD! MAY I COME IN??

CERTAINLY, REX! I'M DOING A LITTLE INVESTIGATING! SAY... WHAT'S THIS?



I'M GOING DOWN TO THE MORGUE TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR WIFE'S BODY! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!

I HOPE YOU TRACK DOWN THE BLACK MURDERER!!



OR WAS IT CLAXTON, THE CARNIVAL OWNER, OR SARDINI?? THERE IS THAT ROPE TRICK HE DOES! WHO...? WHO KILLED HER?



WHERE DID DOREEN GET THIS REVOLVER??

OH, I GAVE IT TO HER, TO PROTECT HERSELF! YOU KNOW WHAT CARNIVAL LIFE IS!



UPSTAIRS IN DOREEN'S DRESSING-ROOM THE BLACK HOOD ASKS HIMSELF THE SAME QUESTION...

WHO DID IT? OBVIOUSLY THE SAME PERSON WHO CONKED ME ON THE HEAD TO PREVENT ME FROM CONTINUING MY EXAMINATION! HMM! A GAS-BURNER FOR MELTING MAKE-UP!



YES, I DO! HELLO, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? TOOLS? A HAMMER!

OK, YES! THE CARPENTER LEFT THEM! HE WAS PUTTING UP SHELVES FOR DOREEN!!



IT IS NOON, AND THE BLACK HOOD RETURNS TO FIND THE CARNIVAL DESERTED... SUDDENLY A BLACK FORM HURTTLES DOWN OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS?



THE HOOD SWINGS WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK, BUT MISSES AS HIS ATTACKER DUCKS...



... AND DIVES INTO A NEARBY MAGIC BOX...



BUT WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE BOX...



THAT'LL BE QUITE A BLOW TO YOU!



OHNNH! ANNNH! I... GOT.. TO.. GET.. TO MY... FEET... BEFORE HE... GETS... AWAY!



WELL, I DON'T LIKE BEING FOLLOWED! THIS BICYCLE IS JUST THE THING!!



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU... BUT YOU'RE A PRETTY PERSISTENT GUY!!





BUT WITH  
A SUDDEN  
LURCH THE  
BLACK HOOD  
TWISTS OUT  
OF HARM'S  
WAY...

I'LL CUT  
THESE  
ROPE'S,  
AND SWING  
AWAY ON  
THIS  
TRAPEZE!

LEAVING SO  
SOON?

THE PLATFORM!  
IT'S SHAKING!  
IT'S GOING  
TO CRASH!

SWOOSH  
WITH EVERY MUSCLE STRAIN-  
ING, THE HOOD LEAPS ACROSS  
THE YAWNING CHASM...

HA!  
HA!  
HA!  
HA!  
HA!

AND  
STEELY  
FINGERS  
GRASP AT  
THE  
KILLER'S  
ANKLE!

SNAP  
THE SUDDEN ADDED  
WEIGHT ON THE ATTACK-  
ER'S HANDS TEARS  
THEM LOOSE AND...

CRASH

IN A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT  
THE HOOD LETS GO AND HIS  
FINGERS CLOSE LIKE A  
STEEL VISE ON ANOTHER  
TRAPEZE...

H-HELP!  
I-I'M  
FALLING!

S-SAVE  
ME!





SECONDS LATER...



WHY, IT'S  
REX! IS  
HE...??

HE'S DEAD,  
MR. CLAXTON!  
HE TRIED TO  
KILL ME, BECAUSE  
I KNEW HE  
KILLED HIS  
WIFE!



HOW DO  
YOU KNOW?

VERY SIMPLE! I  
EXAMINED DOREEN'S  
DRESSING ROOM, AND  
FOUND **THREE**

WAYS OF KILL-  
ING HER! **GAS,**  
**A REVOLVER,**  
**AND A HAMMER!**

NOW THE ONLY  
REASON THE  
MURDERER  
WOULDN'T USE  
THESE **HANDY**  
METHODS... WAS TO  
IMPLICATE  
SOMEBODY  
ELSE!

B. BUT...



... WHO DID  
REX WANT TO  
INCRIMINATE?

**YOU, SARDINI!** AND  
TO DO THIS, REX USED  
THE SAME KNOT ON  
HIS WIFE'S NECK AS  
YOU USE IN YOUR  
INDIAN ROPE TRICK!  
BUT IT WASN'T BY  
HANGING THAT  
DOREEN  
DIED!..

FINGERMARKS UNDER THE ROPE  
PROVED, REX **STRANGLED** DOREEN,  
LAST NIGHT WHILE THEY WERE  
REHEARSING! THOSE FINGER-MARKS  
POINTED **DOWNWARD!**  
ONLY AN ACROBAT  
HANGING HEAD-  
DOWN OVER HIS  
QUARRY WOULD  
HAVE LEFT SUCH  
IMPRINTS! AND  
THE MOTIVE?

**SHEER  
JEALOUSY!**  
BECAUSE HIS  
WIFE WAS  
REGARDED AS  
A BETTER  
ACROBAT!...  
AND NOW,  
FOLKS... THE  
BLACK HOOD  
BIDS YOU  
GOOD-BYE!



The End





**CARL OSCAR GRAVES, KNOBEL, ARKANSAS, THE WINNER OF THE MARCH TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS CONTEST!**

**EVERY ONE OF YOU TOP NOTCH LAUGH READERS CAN WIN A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AS DID CARL GRAVES! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER OR POSTCARD TO TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS 60 HUDSON STREET, RM. 315 N. Y. C., TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST AND WHY!**

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# THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everything we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru

it. Swipe everything in sight, cement up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a get-away. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a creased look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

\* \* \*

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed

after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobsters crouched in fear behind the cool, nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who aren't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprung like an uncoiled cobra at the trigger-man. Smiley let him have it! Bullets whizzed out of the gun, imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lips till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Nor had he ever been wounded so severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low-down, Hood . . . ?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.



# Señor SIESTA

by Don Dean

THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN, LITTLE SEÑOR SIESTA MUST FIGHT A DUEL WITH SEÑOR SATANI, WHO HAS BEEN A GREAT BOON TO THE UNDERTAKERS OF MEXICO.

EVERYBODY  
EVERYBODY



SIESTA, I WEEEL NOT ALLOW YOU TO BE INSULTED! **YOU** WEEEL DUEL THE SEÑOR SATANI TOMORROW. --REMEMBER I AM **BEHIND** YOU!

I WOULD FEEL MUCH SAFER EEF YOU WERE EEN **FRONT** OF ME!

NOW WEETH SUCH AN ORDEAL FACING YOU TOMORROW, YOU MUST HAVE **REST**! COME, WE GO TO THE HOTEL!

SANCHO, AS USUAL YOU THEENK **ONCE** FOR ME AND **TWICE** FOR YOURSELF!

**ATTENTION, SEÑOR!!** WE WEEESH A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT!

SI! SI! SEÑOR, WEETH BATH?

☆ @ **SANTA S'MOSES** ☆ **CARAMBA!** ☆  
☆ @ SUCH AN IMPUDENT QUESTION TO ASK TWO SUCH GENTLEMEN AS WE --  
-- **OF COURSE NOT!**











HURRY, SIESTA, OR WE  
WEEL BE LATE. THE DUEL  
EES TO BE FOUGHT BEHIND  
THE SANTA ROSA CEMETERY!

THEES SENOR  
SATANI  
THEENKS OF  
**EVERYTHEENG**,  
NO!

SI, EET WEEL BE  
A WARM DAY AND  
HE DOES NOT WEESH  
YOU TO **SPOIL**!

GULP!

LOOK! THERE EES  
SENOR SATANI  
NOW, ON THE  
FIELD OF HONOR!

HOW I  
WEESH HE  
WERE **UNDER**  
EET!

BUENOS DIAS, SENORES!  
SIESTA, YOU MAY  
CHOOSE WHAT WE  
WEEL COMBAT WEETH!

HOKAY!  
CREAM PUFFS  
AT THREE  
PACES!

**SILENCE!!**  
DO NOT WASTE THE  
GREAT SATANI'S  
TIME. NAME YOUR  
WEAPONS, SKUNK!

EET I WERE  
A SKUNK I  
WOULDN'T  
NEED ANYTHEENG  
ELSE!

SENOR SIESTA,  
MAKE YOUR  
SELECTION!  
**SWORDS** OR  
**PISTOLS**!

ERR--  
AA











**ARCHIE COMICS** IS RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE!  
A WAVE OF LETTERS POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS—ALL  
SHOUTING THEIR DELIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST SENSATION-  
ALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION"  
AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

JUDGE OWL

CUBBY  
THE BEAR

BUMBIE, THE  
BEE-TECTIVE

SQOIMY,  
THE WOIM

ARCHIE'S  
PAL  
JUGHEAD

ARCHIE'S  
GIRL FRIEND  
BETTY COOPER

AND SO WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE WERE FORCED TO BRING OUT ANOTHER  
ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS! ARCHIE COMICS # 2 IS ON SALE AT  
YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW! DON'T WALK, RUN TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!













HA!  
GO  
AWAY!

HA HA  
HA HEE  
HEE HA  
HA



PGGT! I THINK MURGISON,  
THE BUTLER, IS THE  
THIEF! WHEN EVER I  
PEEK THROUGH A  
KEYHOLE, I FIND  
HIM PEEKING  
BACK!

OH, I  
DO NOT,  
YOU FAT  
OLD THING!



OH, YOU  
DO TOO!

COME, COME! WE  
AREN'T GETTING  
NOWHERE THIS  
WAY! YOU GIVE  
HIM THE DAY OFF  
AND I'LL SHADOW  
HIM!



OK! YOU  
HEAR THAT  
MURGISON?

YBAH! HOT  
DOG! SO  
LONG, BOSS!

HMM! WONDER  
IF HE SUSPECTS  
WE SUSPECT  
HIM?



LATER

MURGISON  
WENT IN  
THAT HOUSE  
ALL RIGHT!  
I'LL INVEST-  
IGATE!



I'LL TELL  
'EM I'M FROM  
THE GAS  
COMPANY!

KNOCK  
KNOCK



WALK RIGHT IN,  
BUD! DON'T STAND  
ON CEREMONY!



ER, AY YUST  
DE GAS MAN! AY  
KOM TO READ DE  
METER, PLIZ!



QUIT YER KIDDIN,  
COPPER! TIE HIM  
UP, BOYS, AND TOSS  
HIM IN THE CELLAR!  
I'M GOIN' OVER TO SEE  
LOUIE, DE FENCE, ABOUT  
DESE PIPES!









D'S GUY IS NUTS!  
I'M SONNA SCRAM!



?!GXX!



YER ALL UNDER ARREST!  
WHAT'S YOUR GAME, LAD?



HEY!



DISTURBING THE PEACE...  
ASSAULT... CARRYING GUNS  
WITHOUT A LICENCE... CONTRIBUTING  
TO DELINQUENCY OF JUVENILES,  
ETC...

TSK  
TSK  
TSK



I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING,  
CAPTAIN! I'M TRACING DOWN A  
DANGEROUS RING OF CROOKS THAT  
STOLE THE VALUABLE MILDEW PIPE  
COLLECTION! NOW HERE'S WHAT I  
WANT YOU TO DO...



IT SOUNDS PHONEY BUT WE'LL  
GIVE YOU ENOUGH ROPE TO HANG  
YOURSELF! GO AHEAD!

THANKS! BE SURE TO HAVE  
THOSE POLICEMEN THERE LIKE  
YOU SAID!



WELL, I'VE GOT MR. MILDEW'S  
PIPES AND... WHAT'S THAT?



NOW TO FINISH OFF DAT DOPEY  
DICK!

WOT IN TH-? THE JOINT'S  
FLOODED! HE MUST BE DROWNED!



OOOOOOh! I DIDN'T EXPECT  
THEM BACK SO SOON! IF THEY  
FIND ME HERE I'M SUNK!

I HOPE THEY FIND THE  
NOTE I LEFT UPSTAIRS!





HEY, CHIEF!  
DA PIPES IS  
GONE! HERE'S  
A NOTE!



LEMME SEE THAT!  
I AM RETURNING-MR.  
MILDEW'S COLLECTION  
TO HIM! PHOOEY ON  
YOU JERKS! SNOOP  
MCGOOK

JOIKS!  
WHO-  
US?



WHY THAT LITTLE  
!!G\*/F? C'MON,  
BOYS, WE'RE GOIN'  
BACK TO MILDEW'S  
SHACK AND GET  
THOSE 'PIPS'

YEAH!  
DIS TIME  
WE WON'T  
MISS!



OKAY, MILDEW!  
TROT OUT THOSE  
YOU-KNOW-WHATS-  
AND MAKE IT  
SNAPPY!

MURGISON!



STICK 'EM UP!  
WE'VE GOT YOU  
COVERED!

YEAH!  
IT'S A  
PINCH!



WONDERFUL WORK,  
MR. MCGOOK! FINE JOB!  
FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL  
BE REWARDED!

\$\$\$  
\$\$\$  
\$\$\$  
\$\$\$



ER... THIS  
COLLECTION OF  
PIPES MUST BE  
VERY VALUABLE,  
-I IMAGINE!

YES, YES,  
YES, INDEED!  
AH YES!



IN FACT, I  
NEVER USE  
ANYTHING  
ELSE!



PERFECT FOR TARGET  
PRACTICE! COME ON,  
MCGOOK, GRAB YOUR-  
SELF A GUN, AND  
WE'LL HAVE  
SOME FUN!

BANG!

WHOOOP!

WHEN A  
MERRY-BO-  
ROUND HORSE  
GOES AROUND  
BITING PEOPLE'S  
HANDS OFF,  
YOU CAN BE  
SURE OF  
PLENTY OF  
EXCITEMENT.  
IT'S  
SNOOP  
MCGOOK'S  
STRANGEST  
CASE TO  
DATE!  
DON'T  
MISS THESE  
PAGES NEXT  
MONTH!



# ALL THAT WORK, AND NO MONEY!

## A SNOOP McGOOK STORY

by VIVIAN LIPMAN

ONCE again that super-duper private detective extraordinary, Snoop McGook, had a client. There are some who would dispute Snoop McGook's right to have a client, claiming he never solved a case in his life, or if he did, it was just an accident. However, Snoop had a PRIVATE DETECTIVE sign on his door, so naturally, that made him a private detective, and gave him priority claims on any clients that were floating around.

Anyhow, Snoop McGook's client came into his office one bright, sunny morning, and said, "Mr. McGook, my butler has been receiving letters threatening his life for the past two weeks, and they are getting fiercer. I don't want to take this to the police because of the publicity, so will you please see what you can do about it?"

"Is there anything you can tell me about those letters?"

"My butler can give you the most complete information. In fact I planned on your talking to him personally. He is at my home waiting for you with all the information and letters. I don't mind telling you, Mr. McGook, this has really made me worry, because indirectly the letters threaten my life, also. There will be a very high fee for you if you solve this case."

Snoop looked at his client, and from the wealthy appearance he gave, he knew that what the man had said was true. The call of easy money started his blood running once more, and the entire half pint of red liquid that he owned started racing through his vessels heading for that empty space known as Snoop's head.

"All right," answered Snoop. "I'll start right away."

Snoop obtained the address from the man, who declined to come with him, stating that he had other business to attend to.

Snoop started out on his great adventure, finally reaching his destination. He went up to the doorway of a beautiful little home, rang the door-bell with true McGook self-confidence. He received no answer. Snoop decided not to waste any time, and to get right down to business. He opened the door, walked right in, and found his business . . . lying on the floor, dead! The corpse was a middle-aged man, dressed in a tuxedo. "The typical butler type," thought Snoop.

Quickly, he got to work to discover the murderer, visions of the handsome fee promised him dancing before his eyes. He noticed the man was only dead a few minutes, as his body was still very warm.

"Ah," exclaimed Snoop to himself, "the murderer must still be in the house!"

Then Snoop looked at the knife with which the man had been stabbed. It was just an ordinary kitchen knife.

"Ah, a clue," thought Snoop.

Then he examined the knife a little further. The wooden handle was plainly smeared with buttery fingerprints, some of which were mixed with the blood which stained the knife handle. Suddenly, Snoop felt inspired. He thought of the clues offered him, and like a flash the answer came. All the clues pointed to the cook of the house! Snoop made a rush for the kitchen, where he expected to find the cook hiding from him.

Snoop burst through the kitchen door, a trifle dizzy from all this thinking, and much to his surprise, his theory turned out to be correct. There was the killer, a fat, mustached man, calmly washing the blood from one hand, as he held another knife pointed at Snoop in the other.

"Don't come near me!" The man hissed at Snoop.

The visions of green-backs still were before Snoop's eyes, as he made for the murderer. With a quick turn he grabbed the wrist of the man and twisted it, making him drop the knife. Then Snoop stumbled. As he was going down, the top of his head hit the murderer on the chin, and knocked him out. There they both were, cooily situated on the floor, Snoop and the murderer. The only difference was that the murderer was really knocked unconscious while Snoop was just his usual unconscious self.

Snoop dragged the murderer out on the front porch in order to call a cop, when he saw his client walking down the street.

"Hey!" He called. "I've got the man. It's your cook. I was too late. He killed your butler. He's on the floor in your living room."

"You dope!" The client exclaimed. "That isn't my house. I live on the other side of the street. You're fired!"

Snoop's mouth fell loosely open. The first time in his life he had ever really solved a crime, and it turns out to be the wrong one! All that work and no money. Snoop sank to the porch floor in a deeper state of unconsciousness than he had ever been in before. Even that half pint of blood gave up!

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# GLOOMY GUS

by  
RED  
WOLFE

THE HOMELESS GHOST

THE HEAVENLY STAR

OBITUARY

GUS GLOOMPUS

HE LEFT THIS WORLD BEFORE  
HE SHOULD!  
SO AS A GHOST HE'S NO DARNEE  
GOOD!  
UNTIL HE FINDS A BODY THAT'S  
STRONG AND ROOMY.  
HE'LL KEEP ON WANDERING AND  
ALWAYS BE GLOOMY!



YOU'VE GOT TO HELP  
ME, PETE! I'VE BEEN  
SEARCHING EVERYWHERE!  
BUT I CAN'T FIND A BODY  
I CAN KEEP!

WELL I'VE  
ONLY GOT  
ONE PROSPECT  
ON TODAY'S  
LIST! DO YOU  
WANT TO TAKE  
HIS BODY OVER?



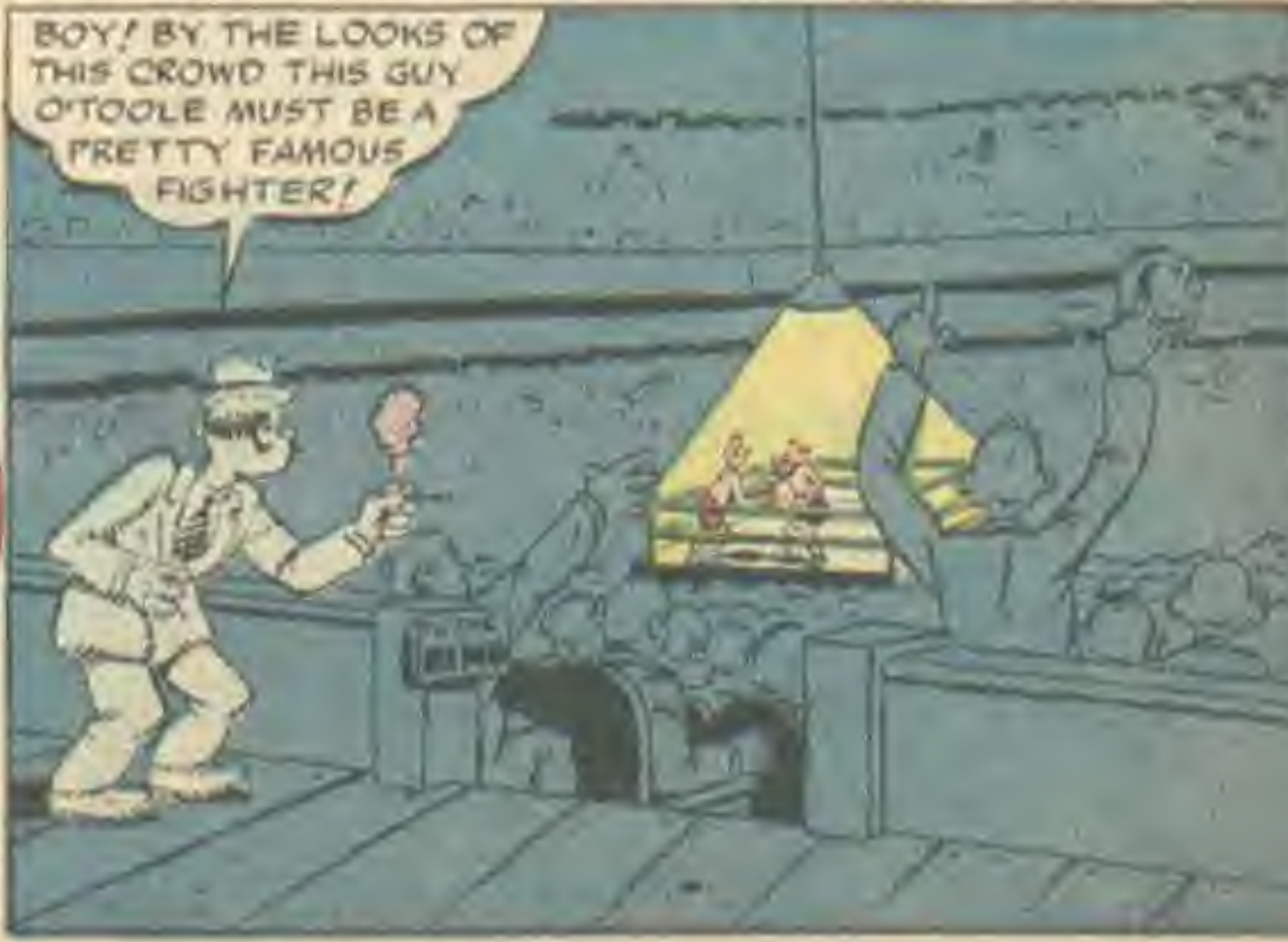
I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS  
WELL - B-BUT WHAT'S  
THE GUY'S NAME AND  
WHERE'LL I FIND  
HIM?

YOU'LL HAVE TO HUR-  
RY, CAUSE HE HASN'T  
MUCH TIME LEFT!  
JUST GO TO THIS AD-  
DRESS AND LOOK FOR  
A GUY NAMED PUNCHY  
O'TOOLE!



WELL, HERE I AM BACK ON  
EARTH! NOW TO FIND THIS GUY  
O'TOOLE! GUESS I'LL GO IN  
AND LOOK THIS GUY UP!

BOY! BY THE LOOKS OF  
THIS CROWD THIS GUY  
O'TOOLE MUST BE A  
PRETTY FAMOUS  
FIGHTER!





GUS GOES DOWN TO THE RINGSIDE TO AWAIT THE BODY HE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER

I WISH THESE GUYS WOULD HURRY UP AND GET THIS OVER WITH! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME!

HOW AM I GOING TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF THESE GUYS IS O'TOOLE!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, FATE TAKES A HAND IN GUS'S PROBLEM

Y! THAT'S O'TOOLE THERE, NO QUESTION ABOUT IT!

I'M NOT SO KEEN ON GETTING INTO THIS FIGHT GAME - BUT AFTER ALL, A BODY IS A BODY!

ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR - FIVE - SIX - SEVEN - EIGHT - EIGHT AND A HALF, PSSST, WHAT DO YOU SAY, PUNCHY, IT'S GETTING CLOSE!

OH! OH! GOTTA GET GOING BEFORE HE'S COUNTED OUT!

WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT GUS TAKES OVER AND AT THE COUNT OF NINE

NINE-TE--??

BOY, THIS IS KEEN - THIS PUNCHY'S BODY ISN'T SUCH A BAD FIT AT THAT!

OH! SO THAT LAST HAYMAKER WASN'T ENOUGH, YOU BUM! OKAY, I'LL PUT THE CRUSHER ON YOU THIS TIME - AND HOW!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! TAKE IT EASY!

WHAM





AND NOW WE SEE GUS AS HE EMBARKS ON THE ROAD TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP! HE'S GETTING A FEW WARM-UP FIGHTS UNDER HIS BELT--AMONG OTHER THINGS!







IGIVE UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY YOU COULDN'T BEAT A PINT OF CREAM - IF YOU'D ONLY HIT THE GUYS WITH SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES YOUR CHIN-----

I--I GUESS I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A FIGHTER. THAT'S ALL!



G...GOSH! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR-- AND NOW I'M SORRY I DID!



SO LONG YOU PUNCH-DRUNK TRAMP! I'M THROUGH WASTING MY TIME WITH YOU! MY PRESTIGE IS RUINED!

SO IS MY FACE!



LATER! WHEW! I'M SURE GLAD THAT'S OVER! BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?



OH/OH! WHAT'S THIS - HMM-- THAT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

WANTED BOUNCER APPLY ON THE PREMISES

SCREECH!



SO GUS APPLYS FOR THE JOB-----

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THE JOB? SOMETIMES WE GET PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMERS THAT HAVE TO BE BOUNCED OUT!

DONT WORRY MY BOXING CAREER OUGHT TO COME IN HANDY FOR THIS JOB!



THAT NIGHT GUS BEGINS TO WORK-----

HMM-- THIS IS SOME JOB. ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS WALK AROUND THIS JOINT, AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN FOR ANYONE WHO GETS OUT OF HAND!



WHILE AT ONE OF THE TABLES-----

LOOK DARLING, THERE'S THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMP- SITTING OVER AT THAT TABLE!

HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT HECKLER, SITTING AT THE NEXT TABLE!



B...B...B... YER A CHEESHE CHAMP, THA'SH WHAT (HIC)

WHY, I'LL MOIDER THAT--

EASY, CHAMP, HE'S JUST DRUNK, THAT'S ALL! I'LL HAVE THE MANAGEMENT BOUNCE HIM OUT- TA HERE!







THE BELL RINGS AND THE FIGHT GET UNDER WAY AS BOTH FIGHTERS COME OUT OF THEIR CORNERS!



AT THIS POINT I THINK IT BEST THAT WE DON'T LOOK AT THE FIGHT-BUT SKIP AHEAD TO THE SEVENTH ROUND! HOW GUS EVER MANAGED TO LAST THIS LONG-WE'LL NEVER KNOW-HOWEVER LET'S TAKE A SQUINT SO WE'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!



C'MON LAY DOWN, WILL YA? BEFORE I BREAK MY KNUCKLES ON YOU!



OH/OH/LOOK OUT FOR THAT MICROPHONE, GUS!



HEY, ONLY THIS COULD HAPPEN TO GUS - HE GOT TANGLED IN THE MIKE CAUSING A SHORT CIRCUIT!



YT! I'M BURNING UP! HALLPPP!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT--



SAY PETE, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DRAGGING ME UP HERE JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO KNOCK OUT THE CHAMP?



DON'T FORGET TO WATCH FOR GUS IN THE NEXT TOP NOTCH LAUGH CLOSER



# WORLD WONDERS



SOME MUSICIANS  
OF THE SAMOAN  
ISLAND TRIBES  
PLAY FLUTES  
WITH THEIR  
NOSES!



THE IRISH POTATO  
DIDN'T COME FROM  
**IRELAND**  
BUT WAS FIRST  
GROWN BY THE  
ANCIENT INCAS  
OF PERU  
AS EARLY AS  
**1000** A.D.



THE **GEOMETRIC**  
**SPIDER** WITH  
**8** EYES  
WEAVES A  
PERFECT WEB  
IN TOTAL  
DARKNESS!

**TICKBIRDS**  
GET THEIR  
FOOD BY  
DASHING INTO  
THE MOUTHS  
OF CROCODILES  
TO SNATCH  
LEECHES FROM  
THEIR GUMS,





# SUZIE

BY  
"RED"  
HOLMGALE  
AND  
KEAN

HMM-A  
SWITCHBOARD  
OPERATOR-  
THAT LOOKS  
GOOD TO  
ME!

SWITCHBOARD  
OPERATORS  
NEEDED  
APPLY-- HOTEL  
RITZ-- PRIZ.

WHEN WE LEFT  
SUZIE IN THE LAST ISSUE,  
SHE WAS HEADING EAST  
AFTER A BRIEF STAY IN HOLLY-  
WOOD AND NOW WE FIND  
HER, HAVING ARRIVED IN NEW  
YORK, BROKE AND JOBLESS-----  
REALIZING THAT SHE MUST EAT,  
JERRY KEAN, THE WRITER OF  
THIS STORY, TOLD ME TO DRAW  
HER STANDING OUTSIDE OF  
AN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE,  
SO THAT'S WHERE WE  
FIND HER RIGHT  
NOW!

LATER--

I'VE COME TO  
APPLY FOR THE  
JOB THAT WAS  
LISTED OVER AT  
EMPLOYMENT  
SERVICE!

WELL, IF  
YOU'LL JUST  
ANSWER A  
FEW QUESTIONS  
FIRST!

HAVE YOU  
HAD ANY  
EXPERIENCE?

OH SURE!  
I'VE HAD LOTS  
OF EXPERIENCES!

AND SO SUZIE GETS THE  
JOB--

G-GOSH, W-WHAT  
DO I DO NOW?  
OH! OH! WHAT'S  
THIS?

HOLLYWOOD  
CALLING--  
GEORGE DRAFT  
CALLING  
MAE REST!









AND NEVER DARKEN  
MY DOOR AGAIN/  
YOU TWO-TIMER!

B-BUT,  
DARLING!

WHILE DOWN AT THE  
SWITCHBOARD.....

SUZIE, TELL THE HOUSE DETECTIVE  
TO GO UP TO THE NORTH PENTHOUSE,  
AND THROW THE GUY OUT FOR  
NOT PAYING  
HIS BILL!

BUT AGAIN SUZIE GETS HER WIRES  
CROSSED ---- AND MINUTES LATER  
IN THE SOUTH PENTHOUSE---

AND FURTHER-  
MORE I THINK  
WE SHOULD--  
BLA--BLA--

YOU'RE RIGHT  
SENATOR!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

HMM, NO  
ANSWER/  
I'LL JUST  
WALK  
RIGHT IN.

WHAT'RE YOU GUYS  
TRYING TO DO? PLAY  
POSSUM! WHICH  
ONE OF YOU GUYS  
LIVES HERE?

WHY  
I DO!

W-WHY  
THIS IS AN  
OUTRAGE! I'M  
SENATOR WHIFFLE  
AND I'M IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A  
BIG BUSINESS  
DEAL!

NEVER MIND THE INNOCENT  
STUFF-- I'VE MET GUYS LIKE  
YOU BEFORE AND I'M  
WISE TO YOUR  
ALIBIS!

GOLLY! AND I  
ALWAYS THOUGHT  
THE SENATOR WAS  
A MAN OF  
INTEGRITY

AND DOWN IN THE LADIES'  
TURKISH BATH....

GEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN-  
SIDE HERE BEFORE/ BUT  
THIS IS WHERE THE SWIT-  
CHBOARD OPERATOR SAID I WAS  
TO GO TO FIX A LEAK!

P-PARDON  
ME, GIRLS!  
CAN YOU  
TELL ME  
WHERE  
THE LEAK  
IS?

HELP!  
GEEK!

A MAN!

OF ALL THE NERVE-  
.. THE MANAGER  
SHALL HEAR OF  
THIS!

B-BUT,  
GIRLS!



THE RESULT!

AND FURTHERMORE WE'VE NEVER BEEN SUBJECTED TO SUCH TREATMENT AS WE'VE RECEIVED AT THIS HOTEL ---- OUR FRIENDS SHALL HEAR OF THIS!

B-BUT-- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MUST BE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

HMM-- I WONDER IF SUZIE COULD HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

COME ON, QUICK! I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I GAVE YOU ANOTHER JOB TO DO!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO PROMOTE ME ALREADY!



YOU'RE GOING TO OPERATE THE ELEVATOR --- ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THE BUTTONS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN MAN-AGE THAT?

IT SEEMS EASY ENOUGH!

Later--  
COME RONALD, AND BE CAREFUL WITH LITTLE CUDDLES!

YES, ROSITA!

GOING UP!



IMAGINE MY FOLKS THINKING ANYONE AS SWEET AND INNOCENT AS YOU WANTING TO MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY, ROSITA DEAR

HOW UTTERLY ABSURD! OH, ISN'T THAT JUST TOO CLEVER! CUDDLES WANTS TO KISS YOU!



NOW, NOW DARLING, YOU MUSTN'T BE HARSH WITH POOR CUDDLES!

WANTS TO, HUH! THAT POORH DID! DO YOU HAVE TO TAKE CUDDLES ALONG WHEN WE'RE ELOPING, SWEETIS?

GOLLY, SHE SURE LOOKS FAMILIAR --- WHERE HAVE I SEEN HER BEFORE? HMMM... NOW I KNOW!

HELLO... ROSE GLOCKENSPIEL! RE-MEMBER ME? WHEN DID YOU QUIT WORKING AT THE LUNCH WAGON?

HUH? WHY T-THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE I-I-I NEVER SAW YOU IN MY LIFE!







ROSE GLOCKEN-  
SPIEL LUNCH  
WAGON? ARE  
YOU SURE YOU'RE  
NOT MARRYING  
ME FOR MY  
MONEY

ARE YOU  
GOING TO BE-  
LIEVE A CHEAP  
LITTLE ELEVATOR  
OPERATOR, OR  
ME? I'M SURE  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT SHE IS  
TALKING ABOUT!



AND THEN---

**OW!**



WHY YOU ~~NO~~!! #0  
DOG! I'LL FIX  
YOUR WAGON--  
THERE/TAKE  
THAT--OOPS!

**OW!**



KICK ME, WILL YOU,  
SUZIE? TAKE THAT!

**OW!**

YOU CALLED  
HER BY HER  
NAME, ROSITA.  
YOU DO KNOW  
HER, THEN?



OH/OH! SUZIE, LOOK  
OUT FOR THOSE ELE-  
VATOR BUTTONS!



HEY!  
THE  
ELEVATOR  
STOPPED!

HELP!  
WE'RE STUCK  
BETWEEN  
THE TWO  
FLOORS!

WHAT'LL  
WE DO  
NOW!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT,  
SUZIE. YOU WERE  
ALWAYS GETTING INTO  
TROUBLE AT THE LUNCH  
WAGON. OOOooo! I  
COULD SCRATCH  
YOUR EYES OUT!



YOU DID WORK  
AT THE LUNCH-  
WAGON, THEN,  
ROBITA VAN ROLL-  
DOUGH, THE  
**HEIRESS**-BALONEY.  
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT  
A GOLD DIGGER AFTER  
ALL!

OH, ALL RIGHT,  
YOU SAY SO! I  
WAS AFTER  
YOUR DOUGH.  
WHAT DIFFERENCE  
DOES IT MAKE AT  
A TIME LIKE THIS-  
WHEN WE'LL ALL  
BE KILLED.



STOP GETTING  
HYSTERICAL!  
I'LL CLIMB  
UP TO THE  
NEXT FLOOR  
AND TRY TO  
OPEN THE  
DOOR.





OKAY, NOW YOU CAN STOP WHINING ROSIE GLOCKENSPIEL! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

HMMPH YOU NEEDN'T BE SO SARCASTIC, YOU SUCKER! I WOULD HAVE HOOKED YOU IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT DUMB SUZIE!



MEANWHILE DOWN IN THE CAR SUZIE IS TRYING TO RIGHT HER WRONGS.

LET'S SEE — IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE RIGHT BUTTON NOW!



AND ANYWAY I GOT A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING AND A FUR COAT OUTTA YOU, SO THERE! C'MON CUDDLES.

YI-- HELP!



PLOP



HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, SUZIE, NOW THAT ROSITA HAS LEFT ME. YOU SAVED ME FROM MAKING A MESS OF EVERYTHING.

BUT WHAT DID I DO?



LATER

GET OUT-- DO YOU HEAR ME! YOU'RE FIRED!

B-BUT CAN'T I EXPLAIN?



GOSH! I GUESS I WASN'T MEANT TO WORK-- WHAT'LL I DO NOW FOR A JOB?



COME OVER HERE, SUZIE! YOU'RE HIRED TO BE MY PRIVATE SECRETARY. THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS HAVE LUNCH WITH ME!

HUH! D-DO YOU MEAN IT?



WMM-- WHAT'S SUZIE GETTING INTO NOW-- WELL YOU CAN BET DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS, THAT THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT WHEN SHE BECOMES PRIVATE SECRETARY TO RONALD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!!

THE END



# WORLD WONDERS



MOST TARANTULA  
SPIDERS ARE  
HARMLESS TO MAN...  
SOME WILL NOT  
EVEN BITE UNLESS  
THEY ARE TEASED.



## FIRST INDUSTRY

**F**ROM ITS HUMBLE  
BEGINNING IN  
JAMESTOWN IN  
1608 CAME AMERICA'S  
FIRST INDUSTRY,  
**GLASS MAKING.**



**P**ETER THE GREAT WAS CREATOR  
OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN NAVY. IN  
1695 HE RECRUITED ALL AVAILABLE  
WORKERS AND BUILT A GREAT FLEET  
TO GO AGAINST THE TURKS. PETER,  
HIMSELF WAS THE HARDEST OF ALL  
WORKMEN!



## CAMOUFLAGE

**T**HE PTEROPHYRNE  
A FISH FOUND IN THE  
SARGASSO SEA CAN  
CHANGE ITS COLOR  
UNTIL, IN ITS NATURAL  
HABITAT, IT IS HARDLY  
VISIBLE!



# PERCY



PERCY!



BUT, JASPER - PERCY IS SO FRAGILE I'M AFRAID YOUR HUNTING AND FISHING TRIP WILL PROVE TOO STRENUOUS FOR THE DEAR BOY!

YOU NEEDN'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT, MY DEAR! WHY I'M AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE WOODS AS ON MY OWN BACK PORCH! DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF PERCY! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!





Next morning

NOW REMEMBER, JASPER, YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF PERCY!

HE'LL BE AS SAFE WITH ME AS IN HIS OWN BED, MAGGIE---ER-- MARGUERITTE!

MY, BUT IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE A FISHING ROD IN MY HANDS AGAIN. BY THE WAY PERCY, DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT I USED TO BE THE CHAMPION CASTER OF MY CLUB?

WHY NO, PATER.

ER-- WERE YOU? PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THAT ROD, MR. PLUMMER!

DON'T WORRY! I CAN MAKE THIS LINE BEHAVE LIKE A TRAINED SEAL!

HELLO THERE, MR. PLUMMER. OFF ON A FISHING TRIP?

HELLO, TOM. I WAS JUST TELLING PERCY WHAT A CRACKERJACK I USED TO BE WITH A CASTING LINE!

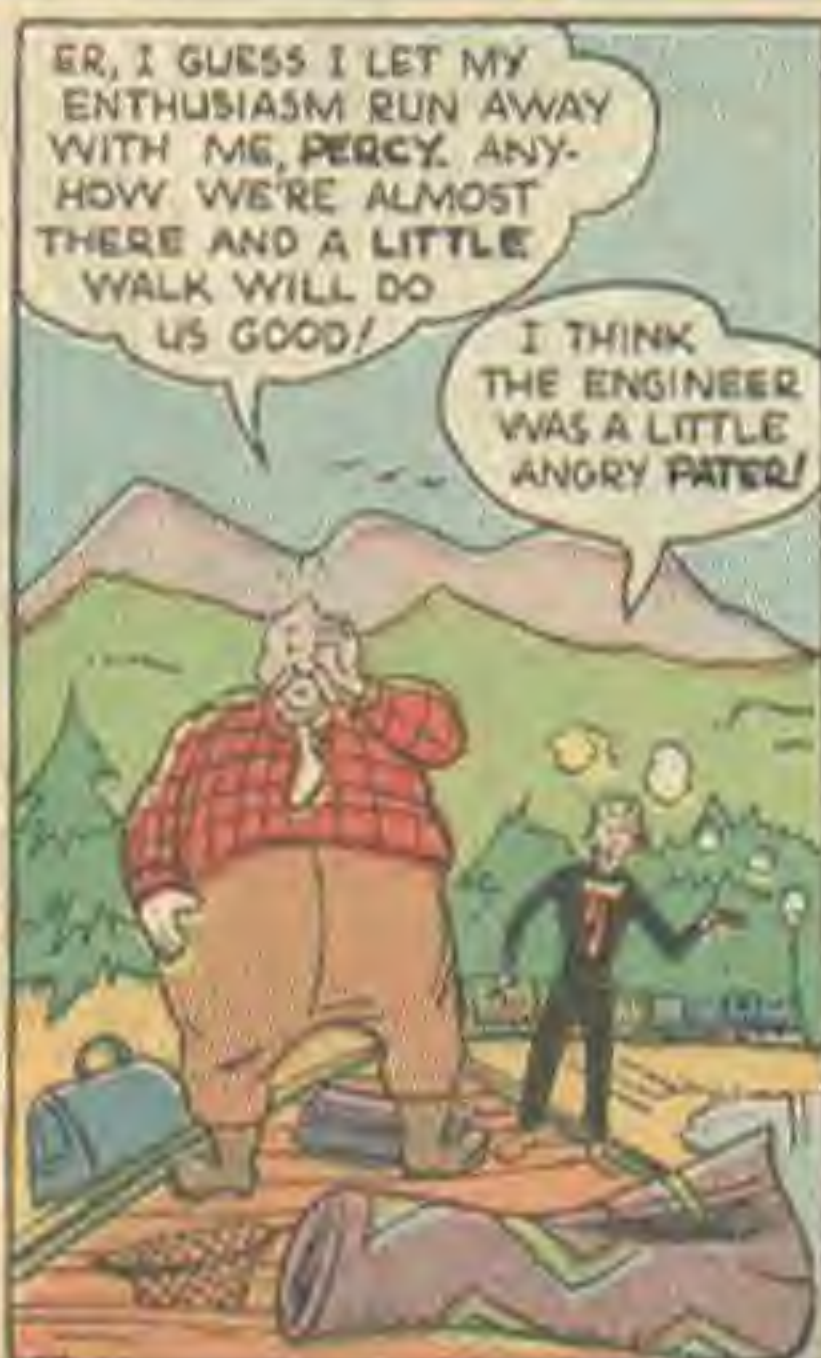
WHY WITH A FLIP OF THE WRIST, LIKE THIS I USED TO --- OOPS-- IT -- ER -- SLIPPED!

IT'S CAUGHT ON THAT ROPE. NOW WATCH CLOSELY, PERCY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO FREE IT!

YOU JUST GIVE A SHARP TUG---

WAIT! DON'T PULL! THAT'S THE EMERGENCY ROPE!







AND THE HUNTING LODGE  
IS JUST AT THE T-TOP  
OF THE HILL!

WOULD YOU PLEASE  
HELP ME GET PATER TO  
BED, MR. BROWN? I  
THINK HE'S A BIT  
TIRED!

NEXT MORNING...

WELL, PERCY,  
ARE YOU ALL SET  
FOR A VIGOROUS  
DAY IN THE  
WOODS?

YES,  
PATER.

THERE'S A POOL  
JUST ABOVE THE  
RAPIDS, WHERE THE  
TROUT ARE AS BIG  
AS WHALES!

YOU'D  
BETTER GO  
UPSTREAM WHERE  
IT'S SAFE,  
PERCY!

IT'S TOO NEAR THE  
FALLS HERE AND I  
PROMISED PATER TO  
TAKE GOOD CARE  
OF YOU!

AH, A BITE! NOW TO  
HOOK HIM SECURELY  
WITH THE OLD PLUMMER  
TECHNIQUE! I'LL JUST  
GIVE THE LINE A  
SHARP TUG AND---

OOPS!

SPLASH



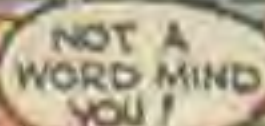




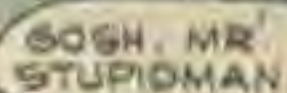




WE FIND THEM INDULGING IN  
A LITTLE FUN...



*the 3 Monkey-teers*



THIS IS SWELL!

JUST RELAX AND TAKE IT EASY, BOYS! MY LATEST INVENTION IS REALLY A DARS! WHEN I START THE PHONOGRAPH THE DOOLE BIRD BEGINS ADMIRING HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR. HIS FEATHERS TICKLE THE LAUGHING HYENA WHOSE MIRTH ENRAGES OUR HAIRY WHO THINKS HE IS BEING LAUGHED AT BECAUSE HE LOOKS LIKE THAT CLARK WHO'S HIS NAME! ANYWAY, HE'S ON THAT TRAVELLING BELT, AND... WELL, JUST SWING TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT!





HO, HO HA  
HA HA HA  
HEE HEE  
HEH HEH

I BORROWED HIM  
FROM A RADIO COMEDIAN!  
ALWAYS SITS IN THE FRONT  
ROW AND LAUGHS HIM-  
SELF SILLY!



SUDDENLY...

CRASH

GOSH,  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?



I'LL INVESTIGATE! SOME-  
ONE MAY NEED MY  
AGASSISTANCE!



WHY  
IT'S...

SMALL  
FRY!

GOOD GRACIOUS,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO?



WELL, YEHUDI  
AND SASS HAD  
A SWING SO  
I WANTED TO  
HAVE ONE, TOO!  
I CUT THE  
LIMB OFF SO  
I COULD TIE  
THIS ROPE  
ON IT!

TSK, TSK!  
NEVER MIND!  
YOU COME  
ALONG WITH  
US WHERE  
YOU'LL BE  
SAFE FROM  
MY HARM!



SUDDENLY...

ULK!



BOP

BANG

POW



WHOSE IDEA  
WAS THIS, ANYHOW,  
YOURS OR MINE?



HE'S GONE!  
COME ON DOWN,  
BOYS!...SERVES  
ME RIGHT FOR  
BEING UNKIND!  
I'LL NEVER DO  
IT AGAIN...S'HELP  
ME...C'MON,  
LET'S GO!



I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU! RIGHT BEHIND THOSE TREES IS MY...

...SLEEPING BEAUTY WONDER CAR! SHE'S ALL SET FOR MY LATEST EXPERIMENT AGAINST BOMBING RAIDS! THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT AND THEN I TURN MY PLANS OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!

FIRST WE SET THE GLIDER'S CONTROLS AND PUSH IT OFF LIKE THIS!

NOW WE MUST HURRY! SPIN THE PROP, YEHUDI, AND JUMP IN, BOYS, WHILE I PULL OUT THE WINGS!

THIS OLD SKI-JUMP IS JUST THE THING FOR A FLYING START, HEH, HEH!

NOW KEEP AN EYE ON THE GLIDER! I HAVE A TIMING DEVICE GET TO RELEASE...

REAL LIVE BOMBS!

HANG ONTO YOUR HATS, MEN! HERE WE GO! YAHOOO!

AND WE ROPE 'EM JUST LIKE THIS!





SIMPLE EH? I'M PLANNING ON TRAINING WESTERNERS FOR THIS BRANCH OF THE SERVICE! I'LL CALL 'EM BOMB-BOYS!



A FELLOW HAS TO BE GOOD AND QUICK, BUT I NEVER MISS....

OR SELDOM!



GOSH!

IT BLEW THAT HOUSE...

ALL TO PIECES!



THINK NOTHING OF IT! THE PLACE WAS A WRECK ANYWAY!.. AND HAUNTED TOO, I GUESS! HEH HEH!



FYOOO BATS! SCAT! SCAT! DARN YOU! BEAT IT!



SUDDENLY...

WHOOOO SHHH



HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT WAS?

ONLY ME, FAT NOSE!











HOWDY,  
FOLKS !!  
HERE WE ARE  
AGAIN!

# DOTTY

*and*

# DITTO

by  
BILL  
WOGGON

DITTO! AH  
SHORE HOPE  
YO' LIKE US,  
PODNUH!

WHEN YOU LAST SAW DOTTY AND DITTO THEY WERE  
CAUGHT IN DESPERATE DAN'S TRAP, IN A CAVE, ALONG  
WITH WILMER THE 4-F, WOULD-BE, SINGING COWBOY  
— LET'S SEE NOW WHAT HAPPENS —

SO! YUH FELL  
RIGHT INTO MAH  
TRAP! HO! HO!  
HO!

YUH BEAT ME TOTH'  
DRAW, DESPERATE DAN!  
WHATCHA GONNA  
DO WITH US ---?

D-DITTO!

WAL, LET ME  
SEE ---



FIRST, YOUR FRIEND CAN TIE YOU UP WEEH THEES ROPE-- THEN, SEEIN' AS HOW AH COULD USE SOME FOLDIN' MONEY, AH'M GONNA HOLD YOU FOR RANSOM-- SAY, \$5000!



AND AS FOR YOU, MY LEEGLE DRUG-STORE COWBOY-- YOU CAN CARRY MY OFFER BACK TO HER, GRAN'PAPPY!



WEETHOUT THEM NICE FANCY CLOTHES ON, OF COURSE-- SO, TAKE 'EM OFF !!

YES, SIR!!

COVER MAH EYES, DITTO, AH GOTTA BE A LADY!



NOW GIT! MEEBEE YOU WEEL GET THERE IN TIME FOR ZE BREAKFAST-- HO! HO! HO!

WAL, SO LONG, DAN, AH'M GETTIN' HUNGRY, TOO!



HEY, WAIT! YOU STAY HERE-- AH'M GETTIN' HUNGRY, TOO!

(GULP!) D-DON'T LOOK AT ME WHEN YOU SAY THAT!



NOW WE WEEL MARCH UP THEES SECRET PASSAGE TO MY CABIN !!

WVOE IS ME!

DITTO!









THAT WEEL SETTLE YOUR  
HASH--! NOW, I SHALL FEEX  
THE FIRE-POT FOR A NICE  
PARROT STEW!



BUT MAYBE THOSE SOAP BUBBLES  
ARE THE DOOM OF THE VILLAIN,  
DESPERATE DAN--



OH! OH! PRETTY  
LITTLE SQUAW IN  
HEAP TROUBLE  
--- ME FIXUM  
BAD MAN!



AWK!  
NOW WHAT??



AH-H! THE WATER EES  
ALMOS' HOT FOR YOU,  
MY LITTLE PARROT--



EOW!











WILL DITTO END IT ALL? WE HOPE NOT! BECAUSE WE WANT TO SEE MORE OF DOTTY DITTO AN DOTTUM -- CHEW! GOSH! HE'S GOT US SNEEZIN' NOW! SEE YOU LATER -- AH CHEW!



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Established 27 years  
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installers, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.



**I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs**  
**More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

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# HURRY! HURRY!

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